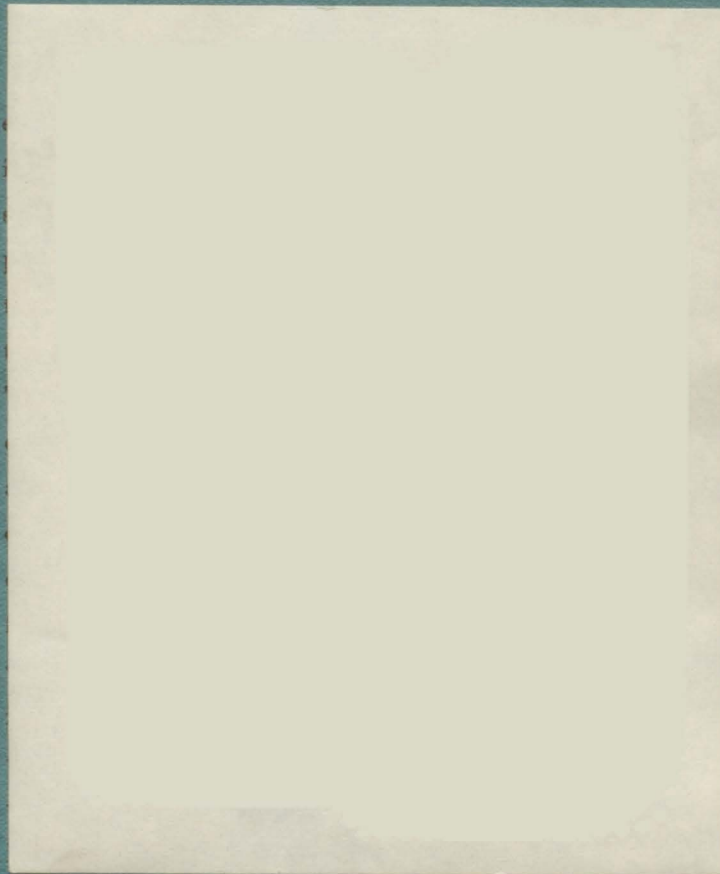






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# Academian

1919



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Peter Trese



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To Our Faculty, The Sisters, Servants  
of the Immaculate Heart of Mary,  
this book is affectionately and grate-  
fully dedicated

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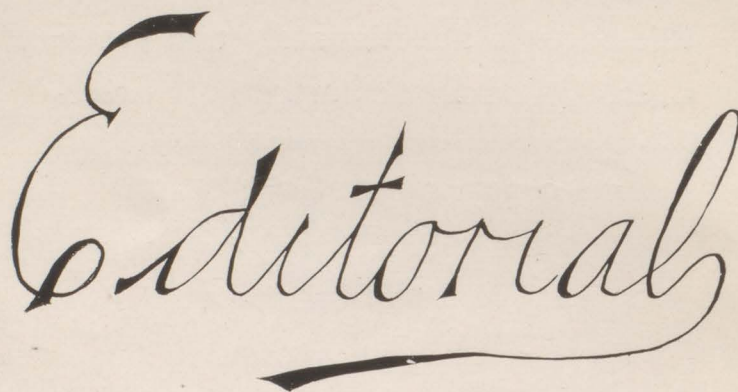




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LITERARY EDITOR	- - - - -	BERGETTA COX
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TYPIST	- - - - -	ALICE TRESE



### AMERICA FIRST

"First in war, first in peace, first in the realm of science." Thus might the oft quoted phrase be altered to truthfully express the position America holds in the scientific circles of the world.

In the great advancement made by humanity during the past few decades, the United States occupies the foremost rank in the onward march of civilization. The human race is constantly demanding mechanical perfection in industry and in science, and almost invariably our own country is the first to fulfill this demand.

For this is the home of inventors. Here was the birthplace of the steam engine; here the wireless telegraph reached its perfection and here the wireless telephone was conceived. Americans invented the telephone and telegraph, and in this land the automobile had its real nativity.

And so, having spanned rivers, created great waterways, and constructed tunnels; after having built the magnificent steamship and the wonderful railroad, Americans turned their attention to the third and most treacherous element of the universe,—and conquered it, with the aeroplane as the victorious weapon. Then came the Liberty Motor, that marvelous mechanism produced by native workmen.

And now as the crowning feature of the age, comes the first trans-Atlantic flight ever completed by man. A voyage that rivals, in historic im-



portance, the voyage of Columbus, or the circumnavigation of the globe.

Is it any wonder then, that Americans are proud of their country?

—LEO TRESE, '19.

---

### CITIZENSHIP

"I am an American." Why does the heart of a foreign born citizen of the United States swell with pride when he makes this declaration? The answer will be found only when a comparison is drawn between the privileges and liberties enjoyed by American citizens and by those subjects of foreign powers.

First and foremost, freedom of religious belief is indelibly engraven into our Constitution. There is no church which has to be supported by public taxation nor is there need of a religious political party to safeguard any church's rights in our nation. Then our right of free speech and opinion is a privilege which is not to be ignored. True, it is that within the last few years certain foreigners have abused this privilege by making their criticism of our National Government destructive rather than constructive, unmindful of the fact that in their mother countries they could not even voice an opinion contrary to that of even local authority. But undoubtedly liberty of speech and opinion will ever remain the prerogative of the American people.

Another reason why a foreigner is proud to be a citizen of our republic is that he is not forced into military service and sent quickly to the fighting front just because a fanatical monarch who himself proclaims that "by the grace of God, I am ordained to be the ruler of the world," and tries to convert his insane aspirations into a reality. This foreigner realized that he did not wish to die for a cause which is not his own hence he came to America.

He witnessed the calm deliberation with which our President and Congress weighed the evidence and then decided that the world must be made safe for democracy by the abolition of Imperialism, and contrasted it with a "general staff" which with cold calculation waited only for a signal, the assassination of a royal couple to hurl their millions of soldiers in a mighty drive against the sons of democracy in order that their monarch might have a "place in the sun."

No wonder then that he, the foreign born citizen was willing, say glad to don the khaki to give his service if not—his life in order that a glorious democracy might live.

Hence when he says "I am an American" he does not mean that geographically he is a resident of the Western Hemisphere, but that he is a representative of a nation which never has, nor never will recognize that any monarch can merely through accident of birth, and not through intellectual or executive ability rule over a nation which is the positive belief of the Imperialists or Monarchists. By this same citizenship he denies the assumption of the Bolsheviks that every man should be levelled to the same moral, social and financial standing which is as every American realizes an impossible, immoral and untenable program of anarchy.

E. F. McCAFFERTY '19.

# Class of '19

---

EUGENE McCAFFERTY	-	-	PRESIDENT
MARGUERITE TYNAN	-	-	TREASURER
LUCILE WELCH	-	-	SECRETARY

Class Colors—Green and Gold

Class Flower—Tea Rose

Class Motto—"Pro Deo et Patria"

---

## President's Address

---

My Dear Classmates:

Standing with reluctant feet  
Where the brook and river meet.

We realize today as we assemble for our last class exercise that we have come to the parting of the ways; and a feeling of sadness overwhelms us when we reflect upon the meaning which these words imply; a severance from familiar scenes and the parting, perhaps forever, from friends endeared to us by years of pleasant association. We know that the friendships made here will go with us and abide, "for memory obeys the heart and where there is love there is no forgetfulness" yet the sweet companionship of our school days is at an end and this afternoon there is for us a peculiar significance in the simple word good-bye.

But there are other and cheerier words to be spoken today. Words of congratulations to you my dear classmates, upon our course well run, our tasks faithfully completed; words of gratitude to those whose loving solicitude has made this day possible, and of promise that the hope they build upon us shall not be disappointed.

It is true as we affectionately review the happy scenes so quickly slipping away from us, our hearts would fain cry out "Tarry, thou art so fair," yet the real spirit of our class is better voiced in the inspiring lines of Archbishop Spaulding:

What I have done to me is nothing now,  
Or but the vantage point from which I see  
My task still widening to infinity  
While o'er the past sinks the horizon's brow.

—EUGENE McCAFFERTY, '19.



EUGENE FRANCIS McCAFFERTY

*"Who argues, not too wisely, but  
well."*



BERGETTA MARY COX

*"A winsome lass, who's bound to win  
Her share at least of blisses."*



LUCILLE KATHLEEN WELCH

*"With common sense, refreshing as  
a summer shower."*





EDNA IRENE KRAFFT

*"Full of the joy of living."*



MARGARET FRANCES WARD

*"And besides her other graces she  
is good at baking pies."*



ROBERT JAMES MEEHAN

*"Who takes off his coat, and takes  
a hold, and does things."*



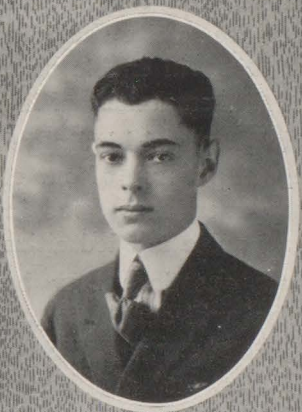
MARGUERITE ELLEN TYNAN

*"Thou hast no faults, or we no  
faults can spy."*



JOHN LEO TRESE

*"Who, for once, must be modest!"*



ROSE MARY CELESTINE O'ROURKE

*"A colleen who knows whereof she  
speaks."*



## Valedictory

---

As our last year within the walls of old St. Stephen's draws to a close, we realize only too well the truth of the saying that every joy is intermixed with pain. For the sadness of parting makes "graduation" a bitter sweet indeed.

We look back upon the years spent beneath these sheltering walls, and cannot but feel as though the happiest days of our existence were nearing their close. For our carefree hours are numbered, and the time approaches when we too, must take up arms in the turbulent battle of life.

But, pausing on the threshold of departure, it is with inexpressible gratitude that we realize the value of our Christian education and training,—a training that will enable us to face the difficulties, endure the combats, and conquer the temptations of life.

Under the firm and kindly guidance of our Sisters and Pastor, we have learned the real purpose of our education, namely, to make of us keen and effective instruments for good in a world whose greatest need is strong, generous, and noble minded citizens.

Whatever questions may be agitated, the influence exerted by our Catholic school will enable us to stand for what is truest, highest, best. With fearless and unassailable courage, we will be true to the teachings of our Alma Mater, and gladden her heart by the strength of our achievements.

And whatever our ultimate destiny in this world may be, let our loyalty to ourselves, to our school and to our God never be questioned.

The bonds of friendship which we have formed with you, our underclassmates, are strong. Although when September rolls around once more, we will not be with you, yet it will always be with greatest happiness we recall our school days among you.

And now, as we approach the milestone which marks the first epoch of our lives, we renew our sentiments of sincerest gratitude to you Reverend Fathers, and to the Sisters, whose ceaseless efforts in our behalf have made possible for us the hour of graduation.

LEO TRESE '19.



# Prophecy

---

It was a sultry day in June. The air was heavy with the odor of roses and everything invited to rest and quiet. I had seated myself under a tree in the corner of the yard, and for the hundredth time at least I had invoked the spirit of prophecy in behalf of the Class of 1919 but without success. My thoughts refused to assume any definite shape and my mind seemed to be in a daze.

My attention was unconsciously absorbed by a busy little bee that seemed to be the only bit of animation in the immediate neighborhood; it darted here and there from blossom to blossom, buzzing softly all the while as if to reproach me for my laziness when suddenly it lighted on a clover blossom at my feet and then the queerest thing happened.

Folding its silky wings behind its back and facing me, it said in a tiny voice which startled me: "What a poor memory you have." I tried to look indignant but the creature had suddenly grown so large and important that I simply said: "Pray why did you think so?" "Because," said the bee, "those people whom you consider children have been men and women for years and doing for themselves. "Oh," I cried, "I shall be delighted for any information you can give me concerning them."

"Come and see for yourself," and without waiting for my consent he folded his wings around me and away we went soaring higher and higher until the trees below seemed like little bushes. Finally we began to descend and I saw we were about to enter a great city.

Down we came and found ourselves in a large and commodious tent which I learned was on the Wallace-Hagenbeck circus grounds. I heard a familiar voice and turning I saw Edna Krafft in all her glory with her trained dogs.

We did not tarry long but traveled on to a school which I was told was a finishing school for girls. Entering the building whom should I see but Bergetta Cox in the office of principal. She had Marguerite Tynan for one of her best mathematics teachers. She greeted me most pleasantly, introduced me to her class and pressed me to accompany her on an auto ride at four to see the city's great library.

Thanking Marguerite for the invitation so kindly extended I awaited her free time in the class room and marveled at the wonderful tact, talent, and energy displayed by my classmate of yore. Soon the gong sounded for dismissal and we were on our way to the library. Lost in the admiration of its literary and artistic features, we were departing when we noticed a magazine with the heading stating that Leo Trese had some articles and short stories which were to play a prominent part in the publication. "There he is," said my companion and imagine my surprise when I saw approaching us

none other than Leo, the author on whom Fortune as well as Fate now seemed to smile.

Congratulating my associates on their success in life, I inquired—"What has become of the other four classmates?" They responded, "Come and see." We all rode at a rapid rate to the city hall and there was Lucile Welch performing all the duties of mayor, while Robert Meehan holds a place of trust as her private secretary and interpreter. After renewing old acquaintances I was informed that Celestine O'Rourke was making a tour of the State of California on a Chautauqua circuit.

As we left the hall we saw a crowd quickly gathering. Upon closer investigation we found it to be no other than Eugene McCafferty being rescued by the police from a mob of anti-suffragettes who had become enraged at some remarks he had passed in an address to a crowd on the "Benefits of Woman Suffrage." Seeing him safely in the hands of the police we moved on after a very successful outing.

Thus closed a momentous day for me—a buzz! buzz! !buzz! I glanced around for the bee with the confused idea that I might be enlightened in regard to my own future but alas! it had flown and in blissful ignorance I await my fate.

—MARGARET WARD, '19.

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## GRADUATION

---

(Dedicated to the Class of 1919)

Of late I sat beneath a maple tree  
And watched a caterpillar at his toil;  
I saw him in his shrewd dexterity  
Define his silvery webbing, coil for coil.

And when again I wandered to that spot  
A funnel-shaped cocoon was all I found.  
Apparent death was but its cunning plot,  
For in that shell a nobler life was crowned.

But soon triumphantly that cell unfurled—  
In spite of every shrill wind's requiem—  
A life that added beauty to the world,  
A precious jewel to Nature's diadem.

And thus in life the faithful student weaves  
A web of hope and bravely makes his way  
Into the molding shell and then conceives  
A nobler manhood on Commencement Day.



# Class Will

---

Very Reverend Father McManus, Father Brennen, Sisters and Schoolmates:

Upon behalf of my clients, the Class of 1919 of St. Stephen's Academy, of the City of Port Huron, of the State of Michigan, United States of America, you have been called together on this occasion to listen to our last will and testament, and to receive from our dying hands the few gifts that we possess. Cutting so rapidly loose from life, and finding so many things of gigantic proportions to be attended to before the end should come upon us, we have collectively and individually deemed it best to distribute these virtues to those friends to whose needs they seem best fitted.

We, the Class of 1919, in nine individual parts, being about to pass out of this sphere of education, in full possession of a crammed mind, well trained memory, and almost super-human understanding," do make and publish this our last will and testament.

1st. We direct that our funeral services shall be conducted by our friends and well wishers, that it be carried on with all the pomp, that our worth as Seniors is deserving.

2nd. We give and bequeath to dear Father McManus, Father Brenner and our instructors, our sincere affection and deepest reverence.

3rd. We bestow upon the Juniors our Senior dignity. May they uphold it with that natural light-mindedness and irresponsibility for which all former Seniors are distinguished.

4th. To Irene Trese, Edna Krafft bequeaths her vocal talents, instructing the said Irene to train her voice and not distract others with her singing.

5th. John Leo Trese bequeaths to the Junior boys the honor of seeing that the *Academecian* is put into circulation next year, with a firm hope and desire for its success, naming Frank Kronner as editor.

6th. To anybody who needs it, Celestine O'Rourke's bluff. Apply early and avoid the rush.

7th. We give and bequeath to George Marx the balance of our class treasury to be used in buying one of Hubbard's "Big Ben's," in order to get him to school at least one day out of the week on time.

8th. Marguerite Tynan bequeaths to Madeline Wolfstyn her gift of gab, with the insertion made that if she fails in her duty she is to forfeit it in favor of Catherine Brogan, who has already won the reputation of being the best "chatter-box" in the Junior Class.

9th. The Senior boys, in behalf of the so-called "Safety First" committee, bestow upon Emmet Devereaux a "safety razor outfit" with a full line of cautions to be carefully studied by the recipient.

10th. To John Tynan, Margaret Ward's privilege of skipping school, whenever the occasion presents itself.

11th. Bergetta Cox bequeaths to Frances Walton and Marion Mallon her sleepless nights and sleepy mornings hoping that their afflictions follow from as good a cause as did Bergetta's.

12th. Robert Meehan wills to George Walton his chair in the rear of the room, that is if he is lucky enough to grab it first. But one thing is necessary—he must fill it as advantageously, as promptly and as faithfully as did our honorable Senior.

13th. Lucile Welch wills and bequeaths to Grace Moore her efforts to give good example and that the Grace Moore may be able to keep quiet on all occasions.

14th. Eugene MacCafferty leaves to John Devereaux his modes of fashion, advising the said beneficiary to always lead St. Stephen's boys in the correct styles of the day.

15th. Celestine O'Rourke gives and bequeaths to Mary Miner and Margaret Meehan her note book containing her latest ideas and attainments in the use of "DiOla," "Rit," etc., and if they fail to obtain as good results as Miss O'Rourke they are to forfeit same in favor of Verda Dougherty.

16th. The Senior Class gives to Cecil Burke the privilege of retaining his old seat in the front of the room, nearest the black boards, providing he doesn't fail to speak while occupying the same.

17th. The Senior Girls wills to Madeline Gleason and Elizabeth French their exceptionally good looks also the necessary requirements used to produce the good effects.

18th. Robert Meehan wills to Jimmie Lamb and Edward Dougherty the pet base ball that Sister has locked in her desk, to be given as a reward to which ever team comes out on top with the highest score. That the above gentlemen are managers of two popular teams in the city as widely known.

19th. The Class of 1919 wills and bequeaths to the Juniors and Sophomores a number of minor articles, including geometry, strings, stubs of pencils, all the gum that adheres to the underpart of the desks, all mirrors and glass doors on the book cases.

If any of the legatees named in this will shall contest this will or any part of it on the ground that the makers are incompetent, then the shares of such contestants shall be forfeited and shall be equalled divided among the other legatees named in this will.

We, the Class of 1919, hereby appoint Lizzie Slits as executrix of this will, our last wil land testament.

Lastily we hereby revoke all former wills made by us at any time.

In witness of

HUGHIE DRAKE  
MIKE NEVER WASH  
GRAVEYARD PETE.

We hereunto set our hand and seal this the 12th day of June, in the year of Our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Nineteen.



# *Green and Gold*

---

School life! ah! the charm that lingers  
'Round us all, as unseen fingers  
Touch the chords that thrill our being,  
And bring us back, with mind still seeing  
All the joy of old Saint Stephens,  
Joy that waned not with the seasons.  
Classmates let us all extoll  
The beauties of our Green and Gold.

Good as gold may we forever  
Keep our hearts along life's way,  
While Truths golden sunbeams sever  
All the black clouds from our day,  
May the green stand as a symbol  
Of our Faith, so staunch and bold,  
May our lives be proof so ample  
Of the meaning, Green and Gold.

Green and Gold stand up forever  
As the ideal of our dreams,  
May we find that school life ever  
Proved its worth as always deemed.  
May we each accept the mission  
That fate will to us soon unfold.  
But regardless its condition  
Vivtory'll crown our Green and Gold.

—MARGUERITE TYNAN.

---

## **THE TAX GATHERER**

"And pray, who are you?"  
Said the violet blue  
To the Bee with surprise  
At his wonderful size  
In her glass of dew.  
"I, madam," quoth he,  
"Am a publican Bee,  
Collecting the tax  
Of honey and wax,  
Have you nothing for me?"





## Class of '20

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MARY MINER	-	-	-	-	PRESIDENT
MARION MALLON	-	-	-	-	VICE-PRESIDENT
JOHN DEVEREAUX	-	-	-	-	TREASURER
JOHN TYNAN	-	-	-	-	SECRETARY

Reading from left to right: First row, Margaret Meehan, Irene Trese, Kathrine Brogan, Mary Miner, Frances Walton, Marion Mallon, Madeline Wolfstyn. Standing—Emmett Devereaux, John Tynan, Frank Kronner, George Marx, John Devereaux.

And now we have our Seniors elect, and we consider them entirely worthy to fill the vacancy or vacuum created by the departure of '19. Take Emmett Devereaux for instance. He's an honorary and trusted member of the L. O. T. M., and is just as wise as he looks. If it is true that while life there's hope, it's a cinch that Pat Wolfstyn has lots of hope. Catherine Brogan, too. She may talk quite a bit, but she says something every time. Jack Tynan you will find interesting, with a quick brain and a nimble tongue.

Margaret Meehan is a quiet lass, but remember that still waters run deep. There are some budding authors in this class, too. Francis Walton for instance, and John Devereaux, who is Irish through and through, in spite of his name. Frank Kronner, whose motto is "Fun for all, all for fun" practices what he preaches. Irene Trese believes in the same doctrine, but uses her school books, too. And then, George Marx, the one and only. Know him? Enough! As for scholars, what better could you ask than Mary Minor and Marion Mallon. They fairly radiate knowledge, as the picture shows.

Now where could you find a better class?

---

### DO IT NOW

Has your past been filled with failure?  
Vain it is that you regret it,  
Lose no time in idle grieving;  
Just forget it.  
Build not in tomorrow's dreamland,  
Castles of the musing brow;  
The today demands attention—  
Do the next thing now!

# *Paradise Lost*

---

While Milton was familiar with the Greek and Roman mythology, his ideas for *Paradise Lost* are drawn from the Bible account of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden and the Anglo-Saxon poem of *Beowulf*. Satan, who sat "High on a throne of royal state" with "A mind not to be changed by place or time" and who thought it "Better to rule in hell than serve in Heaven" is the central personage of this poem. He is not a Biblical character. Milton got his idea from Anglo-Saxon sources and our ideas of Satan are from Milton, not from the Bible. Milton's Eve is an interesting study revealing now and again what he would have had his own wife be.

His immortal *Paradise Lost* was finished in 1665 and first printed in 1667. It long struggled hard with bad taste and political prejudices, before it took a secure place among the few productions of the human mind that continually rise in estimation, and are unlimited by time or place. It is divided into twelve books or cantos; it begins with the Council of Satan and the fallen Angels, the description of the erection of Pandemonium, and ends with the expulsion of our first parents from Paradise. The first book is as unsurpassed for magnificence of imagination as the fourth is for grace and luxuriance. A tide of gorgeous eloquence rolls on from beginning to end, like a river of molten gold, outblazing, we may surely say, everything of its kind in any other poetry.

In *Paradise Lost*, we rarely meet with feeble lines. There are few in which the tone is not in some way distinguished from prose. The very artificial style of Milton sparing in English idiom, and his study of a rhythm not always the most grateful to our ears, but preserving his blank verse from trivial flow, are the causes of elevation.

As a study of character *Paradise Lost* would be a grievous failure. Adam the central character, is something of a prig; while Satan looms up a magnificent figure, entirely different from the devil of the *Miracle Plays*. Regarded as a drama, *Paradise Lost* could never have been a success, but as poetry with its sublime imagery, its harmonious verse, its titanic background of Heaven, Hell and the illimitable void that lies between, it is unsurpassed in any literature.

M. MEEHAN '20.

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Little specks of sawdust,  
Some sand—about one grain—  
All when brought together  
Make up a Freshman's brain.





## *Class of '21*

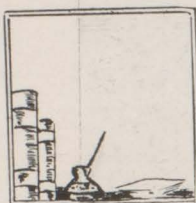
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EDWARD DOUGHERTY	-	-	PRESIDENT
GRACE MOORE	-	-	TREASURER
JAMES LAMB	-	-	SECETARY

Reading from left to right: Seated—Verda Dougherty, Grace Moore, Madeline Gleason, Elizabeth French. Standing—George Walton, Edward Dougherty, Cecil Burke.

This year's Sophomore class is an unusually small one, only eight in number, but if we can take Jimmy Lamb's word for it, what is lacking in quantity is made up in quality. Jimmy, by the way, was absent when the above picture was taken. Ed Dougherty was there, though. He and Cecil Bourke, you know, are the shining stars of our orchestra. Madge Gleason likes music, too, especially when there is a waxed floor to go with it. George Walton's name is almost certain to adorn the staff of some future Academecian, while Verda Dougherty's literary genius is demonstrated elsewhere in these pages. Grace Moore's weakness is Cap, but we're not sure about Elizabeth French's unless it is conversation.

Taken all in all, it's a group hard to beat.



# LITERARY

## *Fortune Favors the Brave*

“Between the dark and the daylight,  
When the night is beginning to lower  
Comes a pause in the tramps occupation  
Which is known as the supper hour.”

Where and how to procure this sadly needed meal was the discomfiting state in which Bill Farrel found himself one warm autumn day in 1917.

This weary willie of the road had since early boyhood followed the trail leading to temptation and vice, “the railroad tracks,” sleeping and riding in box cars at night and begging his meals during the day.

Bill Farrel was not an old man though his shabby clothes and unshaven face made him appear one. On the contrary he was comparatively young, having just attained the age of twenty-four.

Of his early boyhood he knew little other than that he had been born in a small town in northern Michigan, and at the age of twelve been left an orphan. Two weeks after his mother’s death he had been taken in by Mrs. Carvel, the town’s aristocrat, who was attracted by the lad’s beauty; but after two months as society’s “darling little boy” and “mamma’s pretty baby” the memory of his own sweet mother overwhelmed him and he resolved to run away.

The eleven years succeeding his departure from his native town were years of untold adventure for the boy, and though he travelled far and wide his life was generally good but for the one blot on his character, “aversion to work.”

On this particular day which he happened to be spending in a small suburb of Buffalo, Bill decided he was hungrier than he had ever before been, caused by the fact that he had been turned away from the homes of three village citizens without even a morsel of bread. However, the fourth attempt he made at a small gabled cottage proved more successful for a



young girl, after hearing his well told tale of woe, invited him inside while she prepared the food.

Bewildered and pleased at this unexpected courtesy he crossed the threshold and as he did so he noticed a young man in the uniform of the United States army in earnest conversation with an older man whose large expressionless eyes singled him out as blind.

At the stranger's entrance the young man looked up and the older one raised inquiring eyes.

"Only a stranger daddy, who is weary and hungry and desires our hospitality," said the girl.

During the meal Bill learned that the young soldier was the girl's brother, the blind man her father. The boy was on his last furlough as he was to leave in a week for Europe along with other brave boys who heard their country's call and answered though it cost them and their families many hardships to do so; and the Claytons, for such was this truly patriotic family's name symbolized the true American spirit.

Having finished his meal Bill thanked his charming hostess and departed spending the succeeding days much as the preceding, but for a new thrill, a desire to do something worth while which coursed his veins every time he thought of that autumn evening, and so the example of the brave family was not as seed thrown on a stony ground though it did not ripen till early in February.

It was while reading the Chicago papers at which place he was now located that Bill chanced to see Capt. Jack Clayton's name on the nation's honor roll as "killed in action" followed by a glowing account of the dead captain's bravery. Then a sense of duty and gratitude not only to his country but also to the family of the captain, awakened him to action and he enlisted as a private in the infantry.

The following days were ones of hard training and Bill unaccustomed to discipline and work, was one night on the point of deserting when he overheard the following conversation:

"Fortes fortuna juvat," exclaimed Lieut. Hogan to a young private just finished a recital of daring bravery on the part of a comrade already overseas.

The private laughed, and turned to the lieutenant with the question, "What's that lingo you're talking?"

"That's not lingo, it's Latin."

"Say it again; oh I've got you old timer; 'Forty fortunes you've got. May I ask where you got them all?'"

"Nothing of the kind," said the lieutenant. "In Latin that means 'Fortune Favors the Brave'."

Bill Farrel pondered over these words and doubted their truth, for said he, "Was not Jack Clayton brave? and fortune didn't seem to favor him; I might as well skip out." However on second thought he decided to remain and give the Latin idiom a tryout for he was determined to be brave; and so it was that when he reached France and the trenches, and every time he went over the top his nearest comrades heard him muttering between prayers the expression "Fortune favors the brave."

That he was now a brave and fearless man was evidenced by the fact that he had been promoted to the first lieutenancy and had also been nicknamed "Fearless Bill" by his admiring fellow men.

In his last battle which was long and desperate, he came out with a severe flesh wound necessitating long weeks in a Paris hospital.

On November eleventh the day hostilities ceased Bill hobbled along on crutches to lend his cheer to thousands and on November fourteenth he received the highest honor the French nation pays men whose valiant deeds demand official recognition, "the Croix de Guerre" accompanied by the citation, part of which read:

"To Lieut. Wm. Farrel, Co. A, 229th Infantry,  
American E. F.

"In recognition of daring bravery exhibited by you, when on perceiving our terror stricken troops without a leader begin retreat; secured permission and lead them to a glorious victory though already suffering from wounds."

"I do not deserve it, to her it belongs," he said, and so taking the medal and citation he enclosed them in an envelope with this brief note:

"Miss Joan Clayton,  
Orchard Park, N. Y.

Miss Clayton:

Your hospitality and unselfish spirit was the inspiration, your brother's death and Lieut. Hogan's words the awakening. Probably you will not remember me but I am the tramp you befriended on your brother's last day home. Please accept this as a token of respect and thanks as I feel it belongs only to you. Will sail next week.

Sincerely,

WM. FARREL, Co. A,  
229th Infantry.

A few years after when Lieut. Hogan visited Fearless Bill's home where Joan Clayton Farrel presided as hostess, he muttered to himself:

"Fortes fortuna juvat."

FRANCES WALTON, S. S. A. '20.



# *Never Had a Chance*

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These words sometimes can truly be said, but how often behind this time-worn excuse lies a wasted life—A life where many talents and many opportunities have been shifted and then allowed to perish.

To the ambitious young man, the worth-while young man, unfavorable environment and opposing difficulties can be no handicap if he sets out with determination to win.

This has just been brought very forcibly to my attention. About two months ago business called me to the southern part of our Republic, and I spent a day in New Orleans. This beautiful city, filled with American enterprise, though still retaining in many places that quaint picturesque French atmosphere, was decked in beautiful attire to honor her many valiant soldiers returning from overseas. Where I happened to stand, a number of people apparently known to each other eagerly watched the soldiers pass.

Suddenly they exclaimed, "Here he comes."

The object of their attention was a man who appeared to be about the age of thirty, and the recipient of many honors abroad, which gave an additional halo to his regiment.

His radiant countenance was soon lost in the distance, but the story of his life and early struggles was recounted for my benefit.

Fever had taken his father when the boy was yet too young to realize his loss. With his frail mother left penniless, he managed unassisted to remain at school, until he was about fourteen years old. Then it was necessary for him to help bear the burden of their humble home. But by indefatigable effort on his own part, he remained at school another three years, and then secured a position with a leading merchant.

Through sheer perseverance and a fixed determination, he attained an almost phenomenal success.

To his mother he was still the most devoted son,—The needy found in him a true friend and his advice was keenly sought by men many years his senior. When the war broke out, feeling that it was his duty to home and country to enlist, he was the first to offer his services, and the same indomitable spirit which won him success in civil life, soon placed him at the head of his regiment, where he was an inspiration to all men who came in contact with him.

Surely this is a man to be proud of, a man whose life is worthy of emulation.

—JOHN RYAN DEVEREAUX, '20.





# Class of '22

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And here, dear friends, we have the Freshmen, or, as they prefer to be called the Ninth Grade. And be assured, gentle reader, that nowhere will you find a brighter or more intelligent group of young ladies and gentlemen, gathered in one class room. Three more years must elapse before their individual photographs appear in this book, but when the time does come, they will surely be there with banners flying.

## Class Roll

Clarence Adamson  
Wellington Burns  
Clarence Fountain  
Francis St. Denis  
Lawrence St. Denis  
Louis Samberg  
Harvey Simpson  
James Stack  
Charles Wyllie  
Charlotte Allen  
Anna Bryant  
Gertrude Causley  
Margaret Cashman  
Helen Connolly  
Veronica Deemer

Helen Falkerts  
Elizabeth Hickey  
Gwendolyn Hickey  
Catherine Kraus  
Mary Kelly  
Margaret Kearns  
Nora Malloy  
Irene McCarthy  
Margaret McCarthar  
Philomena Noetzel  
Agnes Netter  
Janice O'Rourek  
Mildred Richert  
Theresa Tyson  
Theresa Worsalla

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HUMBLY AND AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO  
FRANCIS KRONNER, ESQ.  
ON HIS EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY

---

Boyhood passes, and manhood  
Falls from the speeding years  
On Kronner's kiddish shoulders,  
( 'Twas a tight squeeze to pass his ears.)

Old father Time, while flying by,  
Thought best to pause once more,  
And add a year to Frank's age,  
Sending him from kidland's shore.

Old daddy Tempus meant it well  
But overlooked that still at heart  
Kronner's yet the same old kid,  
Though some times he's really smart.

## *Too Much Lobster Salad*

---

"If Dad don't let me take the car tonight, I'm going sailing for sure," exclaimed Chris. Kent to his chum, Jule Draper as they sauntered toward the Kent home after baseball practice.

"Aw, Chris., what's the use of making so much fuss over nothing? I think mother will let me take our car and we'll call for Phil and Gene" answered Jule.

"Yes! I know, Draper, but can you tell me what the big idea is of having three perfectly good cars shut up in our garage?" demanded the hot-headed Chris.

"Well, no, to tell the truth I can't, but I guess your dad must have some reason," slowly answered Jule, whose father had been killed in India when the boy was ten years old.

"Only his meanness, I guess!" retorted Chris., as he picked up a stone and aimed it at a neighboring fence-post. "Well, so long, Jule, I'll see you at Jerry's drug store at seven o'clock."

"That's fine," said Jule as he started for home on the run.

When Mr. Kent arrived home for supper, he went directly to the library to assort his mail.

"Hello, Dad," greeted Chris. half an hour later.

"Well son, what's on the bulletin for tonight?" asked his father.

"A weenie roast at Lake Washington that the 'Ne'er Do Wells' are giving."

"That's fine," said Mr. Chris. Kent, Sr., in his hearty voice. "Hope you have a splendid time, Chris., and by the way, do you need any money?"

"No, thanks, Dad," said Chris. and after fighting around for a few moments on the arm of his chair, he finally gained sufficient courage and asked in a strained voice meant to be careless, "By the way, Dad, may I take the "Stude" tonight?"

Mr. Kent looked over his glasses and finally answered, "Not tonight, Chris." and turned again to his letters.

Chris. knew that the interview was closed so he slowly left the room with his head down.

Behind the locked door of his room, Chris. hurriedly packed a bag, counted his money and found to his surprise that he had five dollars and eighty cents in loose change and his bank book, which fortunately he found in the drawer of his desk.



"Well, there's one thing sure" said Chris. to himself, "Dad always gave me enough money and so I have enough to last me for a month or so."

After getting his bag ready, he put it out on the rose covered balcony that joined his room, then slipped a strong rope ladder into his pocket.

At seven o'clock Jule stopped his car by the curb and entered Jerry's drug store just as Chris. was about to phone to see if he had left.

"Hello, Chris., you look like a thunder cloud ready to burst," said Jule.

"Well, I'm sure I don't care," snapped the unfortunate one. "I'm going to leave home tonight, anyway," said Chris. as he climbed into the car a few minutes later.

"What for?" questioned Jule. "You've been going to leave home every month for the last four years. What has offended your dignity now?"

"Well, Dad insists that I go to college and I don't want to, and so I thought it would be a good idea to sneak out now, because he wouldn't let me have the car tonight."

The chums joined the rest of the boys at the beach and Chris. forgot for awhile his intention. He arrived home about twelve o'clock and after quickly removing his shoes, he tied them to the bottom of the rope ladder with his bag and quietly lowered it to the ground. Just as he was about to spring over the railing, he saw a light near the garage. He waited breathlessly for a moment, then as the light disappeared, ran nimbly down the ladder. Where to go now became the question of the moment. As he walked quickly down the driveway, many wild thoughts ran through his mind. "My! wouldn't I like to be a villain for a month or so?" said the runaway to himself.

As the first streaks of dawn began to steal over the city, Chris. found himself in that part of Seattle that is known as "The Slums." It was his plan to remain hidden here for a while. He passed weather-beaten shacks that were sadly in need of paint and some minus the doors and windows, dogs seemed to spring from nowhere to bark at him; suddenly his ears rang; and he felt as though his legs were giving away under him. This was the last he remembered.

When he awoke he was lying on a filthy blanket on the floor. Chris. looked around the room which seemed to be about eight feet square with no windows or doors, but a small opening in the ceiling.

"Well," said Chris. aloud, "I'd give something to know how I got here." Although he was not tied, he knew that escape was impossible at present.

Some time later he heard footsteps and then voices outside.

"He's sort o' young, don't you think?" queried the first speaker in a loud whisper.

"Not more'n seventeen, I'd say, but they'd never think of suspectin' a

kid with his clothes or looks, say, he certainly come in the nick of time," answered his companion whom we shall call Pat.

"I'd sort o' like to know if he knows where old Chris. Kent lives," said the first speaker.

At the mention of his father's name, Chris. sat up and put his ear against the wall.

"We'll leave him in the trap until about five o'clock, then we'll tell him that he's got to watch old Kent's house while we open his safe. I heard it was an old fashioned one and I guess we can pick the lock with a hairpin in five minutes at the most."

"And if he kicks about it?"

"No danger of that, kids brought up with a silver spoon in their mouths ain't got much grit to spare." Then the two crooks passed down what seemed to be a long hall for Chris. could hear the echo of their footsteps as they died away.

"Oh! I'm a molly-coddle, am I?" thought Chris., "Well, we'll see about it."

The first thing he did was to explore the room; he moved noiselessly about and finally discovered an opening in the wall near a dry-goods box.

He squeezed through the hole and found himself in a winding corridor. Fortunately for him no one was in sight and he soon reached the door. This led to an alley and he saw two burly men standing talking, with their backs turned to him. He crawled along on the ground, keeping close to the shack until he gained the corner, then got up and ran.

Chris. had never ran so fast before, no, not even in the track races. He dodged policemen, dogs, and autos and even jumped fences until he finally came to a car line. He boarded the first car and in an hour found himself home. Just then he woke up. He was disappointed at not having been a hero, for all his adventures had been only a dream.

—MARGARET A. McCARTHAR, '22.

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Bergetta—"Leo, who is the highest officer in your training unit?"  
Trese (proudly)—"I am by four inches."

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Teacher (in English)—"Edna, you have heard of Byron's Apostrophe to the Ocean, you may tell us what an Apostrophe is?"

Edna—"An Apostrophe is a comma used to show possession; or the ommission from a word of one or more letters."

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Teacher—"Have you finished your night work?"

James L.—"No, I have not."

Teacher—"I am surprised and you one of the brightest in the class."





The Idea!



Three Of a Kind.



That's Them!



Li'l Ol' Tickle too



Gentlemen All ??



Words!



Out for Air.



Up A Tree



Boob McNutt & Co.

# *How Prejudice Was Conquered*

---

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Flaherty were seated in their pleasant little sitting room at "Four Elms," their summer cottage on San Francisco Bay. The expression on Mr. Flaherty's face told plainly that he was irritated and that his gentle little wife, the only other occupant of the room, was the cause of his irritation.

"No, Marie," he said, "not if they were the children of my own brother, and I am surprised that, knowing my sentiments as you do, you would propose such a thing. You have heard me say over and over that I would never take upon myself the responsibility of bringing up another man's child. And you ask me to adopt two children of utter strangers."

"You did not hear me out, Al," Mrs. Flaherty answered quietly; "I did not ask you to adopt them, but only give them care and shelter until relatives or friends should come to claim them. They have an aunt, a Mrs. Andrews, who is traveling in the east and she is anxious to have them; but the illness of Mrs. Taylor was short and her death so sudden that her friends could not be notified. I promised the dying woman that I would look after the children and not permit them to be separated. She died happier because of my promise."

"That puts the matter in a different light," said Mr. Flaherty in a relieved tone. "Of course, you did right to give the poor woman what comfort you could in her last moments and certainly you must keep your promise."

But, where is the father?"

"That is the saddest part of the sad story. Mrs. Taylor died without knowing whether her husband was living or dead. He had written to her from Los Angeles, where he had gone on account of failing health, that he was better and earning a good salary. He asked her to come on here with the children from their home in Omaha, Nebraska, and take rooms at the "Colonial," where he would join her the first week in June. She arrived here two weeks before her death; but she never heard a word from him. I met her the day she came to the city and called on her several times after. That is why she sent for me when she was dying."

"Where are the children?" asked Mr. Flaherty.

"At the 'Colonial' in care of a nurse."

"You had better bring them here at once and I will see what can be done about locating their father."

So the two children, black-eyed mischievous Dorothy, aged six, and sturdy, silent Cecil, aged three, were made welcome by Mr. and Mrs. Flaherty.

Dorothy, by her pretty, helpful, affectionate ways soon won all hearts.



But Cecil was of another type. His toys were enough for him; and he would sit for hours amusing himself with them. Mr. Flaherty began to feel aggrieved, and his heart began to hunger for the notice that the self-sufficient small boy was not disposed to give; but it was observed that, if Mr. Flaherty was in the house, Cecil with his playthings was to be found in the same room. Yet the recognition of that gentleman went no further, until one happy day when conditions were suddenly changed for the better. Cecil, who had picked up a long twig, was apparently making a deep study of it, when all of a sudden light came and memory recalled former times. With a joyous cry he ran to Mr. Flaherty and plumping down on the big foot, which happened to be held just at the right angle, he shouted, "Det up, Pony," using the whip vigorously on the pony. Mr. Flaherty responded in fine style, and the noise they made brought Mrs. Flaherty and Dorothy on the scene. After looking on for some time Dorothy explained:

"Before papa got sick he used to ride brother and me to "Banbury Cross."

Although Mr. Flaherty and Cecil were now great chums, nothing more was said about adopting the children; and Mrs. Flaherty was growing uneasy lest Mrs. Andrews should come to claim them. But Cecil through another feat of memory brought matters to a climax.

The house in which the family lived, two and one-half stories high, was surrounded by a flat roof, the windows of the top story reaching to the floor. In the attic, among the stores found in all such places was a box containing the books and toys of Arnold, the Flaherty's only child, who had died ten years before. One day, Mrs. Flaherty, taking Dorothy and Cecil with her went to the attic for the purpose of dusting these relics. As she took them out one by one Dorothy asked many questions and made exclamations of delight, while Cecil looked on wide-eyed and silent. Two days later Mrs. Flaherty hearing the terrified shrieks of some one on the street opened the door to learn the cause, and saw lying on the lawn in front of the house the apparently lifeless form of Cecil, whom a passerby had seen fall from the attic window. A doctor was quickly summoned, who assured the family that life was not extinct. The limp little form was laid upon a bed, where for two days it was watched with the utmost anxiety, all waiting, hoping, and praying that it might give some sign of returning consciousness. On the evening of the second day the boy opened his eyes, and said in his slow, solemn way:

"I want a drum and two sticks."

Then Mrs. Flaherty remembered that a drum with two drumsticks were among the toys he had seen in the attic, and concluded that he must have climbed the two long flights of stairs to get them and in his search must have leaned out of the window from which he had fallen.

The last thing in his mind before losing consciousness was the drum and so it was the first to which he gave expression on awakening.

Of course the drum and two sticks were his at once; but he had won something else, the citadel of Mr. Flaherty's heart; for after this almost

tragic event, that gentleman could not move fast enough in the matter of adopting the children. Investigation proved that Mr. Taylor had died in a hospital at Los Angeles two days before his wife's death in San Francisco. Mr. Flaherty's only anxiety therefore was lest Mrs. Andrews might come to claim the children. Mrs. Flaherty, however, disposed of this fear by showing him a paper which Mrs. Taylor had signed in legal form, giving the children to Mrs. Flaherty's guardianship in preference to that of Mrs. Andrews, as the latter had been the cause of much suffering to Mr. Taylor, whom she had never recognized as a member of the family.

Cecil, who is now Cecil Taylor Flaherty, still loves to sit in the same room with Mr. Flaherty yet not in the silent pre-occupied manner of the Cecil of long ago but in the genial comradeship which makes them a joy to each other, while Dorothy Taylor Flaherty, now taller than her mother is the light and life of the house, and Mr. Flaherty as he looks tenderly upon them wonders how it was that he ever indulged in a prejudice against adopting other people's children.

—VERONICA DEEMER, 1922.

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#### IF I KNEW—

If I knew the box where the smiles are kept,  
No matter how large the key  
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard  
'Twould open, I know, for me,  
Then over the land and the sea broadcast  
I'd scatter the smiles to play  
So that careworn people would smile as they passed,  
For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough  
To hold all the frowns I meet,  
I would like to gather them every one,  
From highway, lane, and street;  
Then folding and holding I'd pack them in,  
And, turning the monster key,  
I'd hire a giant to drop the box  
To the depths of the deep, deep sea.

---

#### REALTY

How oft our castles built in wild delight  
Prove as the fabric of a dream of night,  
Not quite the lordly edifice we planned,  
But frail untenable huts upon the sand.

—Exchange.



# *The Sealed Letter*

---

Near the western windows, in a ward at Red Cross Station No. 3, France, sat a girl of about 18 summers.

As the rays of the setting sun shone across the room they fell upon her beautiful hair and fair, sweet face.

Beth Strong was a girl of medium height, very slender, with eyes of the color of the skies and a complexion like the lilies of the valley.

She sat in meditation, her thoughts wandered far, yes, far away into Italy where her only brother Jack was stationed.

With her mother and Jack was summoned to go with the boys "over there." The sacrifice of her only son nearly broke his mother's heart and, through grieving for him, she died about a month before this story begins.

Left entirely alone, Beth resolved to qualify as a nurse, to go to France to do what little she could to relieve and comfort the victims of the cruel war. Thus we find her at Station No. 3 in France, lonesome and wishing with all her heart to see some one from home. "If only I could see Jack! That is impossible because he is in Italy. Perhaps he is well and perhaps he is—no, I cannot bear to think of him wounded or—no, that cannot be."

"Hark! was that some one calling my name? No, for no one knows me by any name other than Miss Strong, but why it is that someone seems to call me as if he were in trouble? I must have the 'blues' tonight. I will have to rouse myself and look at the patients."

As she walked down the hall she met the doctor accompanying a stretcher.

Miss Strong, will you please attend to this case? The boy is very badly wounded. He needs prompt and careful attention if we are going to save him."

Late into the night Beth sat and watched beside the cot of the wounded soldier.

"If I didn't know that Jack was in Italy I surely would say that this is he. There is such a striking resemblance."

After a time she went up to her little room, but sleep she could not. What was the trouble with her? Why did that face of the wounded soldier haunt her so? He was nothing to her; why should she think of him constantly?

She had been lonesome all day and since she went on this new case she had been troubled. Suddenly, as if by inspiration, she went to her trunk and took from it a sealed letter her mother had given her but which she was forbidden to read till her mother's death. With cold, trembling fingers she opened the dainty envelope. It was but a note.

My Dear Little Girl:—

When you read this I will be in my eternal home. This secret here revealed to you has been my life long sorrow and never could I bring myself to tell you of it.

When I moved to New York you were only one year old and Jack was three. Neither of you remember your older brother Irving, a beautiful boy with fair hair and large blue eyes. He was the exact picture of Jack, but, Beth, he had a terrible temper. One day it conquered him. He did not know what he was doing and went away. I never heard from him again. Some day you may find him and, if you do, tell him I forgave him and that I never gave up looking for him.

Do your best always, Beth, and be a good girl.

Your loving

MOTHER.

The little note, together with the thought of her patient in the ward below, had left Beth unable to sleep, so with the first signs of dawn, she was up and ready for duty.

As she entered the ward, she was surprised and glad to find her patient much better, and an indescribable joy seized her because she was almost certain he was her brother. But her's was not the only mind that was puzzled. As she worked around his cot his eyes never left her..

"Nurse, are you too busy to talk to me a minute? I'm awfully lonesome."

"Why no," she answered, "but why are you lonesome?"

Without heeding her question he went on.

"Nurse would you mind telling me your name? You remind me of someone that is very dear to me."

"My name is Beth Strong, and your's?"

"Thank you, Miss Strong. What a strange coincidence. My name is Irving Strong."

Beth tried not to show her emotion, but would assure herself still further.

"Would you care to tell me more about yourself?" she asked presently. "Perhaps we are related."

"Nurse, I lived in New York with my mother, brother and baby sister. I had a terrible temper that used to get the start of me. One day I got angry at Mother over some trifle. My temper got the best of me until I didn't know what I was doing. I don't remember any more, but when I came to my right mind I was a long way from home, alone and ashamed. I was too headstrong to go back and ask forgiveness, so I went to work. I never saw Mother again, but indeed my heart yearned for her. When this war was declared I was among the first to go. I have been in the fighting line over a year. I



was never hurt until the last battle, and—here I am. I believe you are that baby sister that I left so long ago.”

“Why—why, you are my brother, my big brother, Oh! how glad I am, and only last night I read a letter Mother had given me before she died. It concerned you. She bade me to tell you, if ever I found you, that she forgave you and never gave up looking for you.”

“Mother—dead! Oh, poor, little mother, how will I ever atone for the wrong I have done, but, Sister, never as long as I live will my temper get the best of me again. Beth, where is Jack, our brother?”

“He is in Italy on the firing lines, the same as you were, but I haven’t heard from him in a long time.”

Their conversation was interrupted here by a voice:

“Miss Strong, a telegram for you.”

It ran: “Will be with you on the fourteenth.

JACK.”

“Why today is the fourteenth. He’ll be here most any time. Won’t he be surprised and won’t he be glad to see you?”

That night there was gathered around the cot of Irving Strong the happiest little group that had been seen in the ward for many a long day.

—HELEN E. FALKERT, ’22.

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Diplomas for excellence and efficiency in Penmanship have been awarded by Mr. A. N. Palmer to the following pupils of St. Stephen’s: Leo Baumann, Carl McMonagle, Ambrose Cote, Leona Putnam, Maureen Moss, Marie Charron.

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Diplomas of Honor for regular attendance, good deportment, and good lessons in Music, theoretical and practical, have been awarded by St. Stephen’s Conservatory of Music, to the following: Evelyn Robertshaw, Jean Adamson, Kathleen Christner, Deborah Lamb, Earl Wright, Thelma Davidson, Hazel Hebard, Helen Hebard, Aileen Wellman, Marie Gleason, Eleanor Kelly, Zelma Klause, Maurice Leahy, Genevieve Bernard, Virginia Cox, Ethel Dowse, Loretta Renahan, Margaret McCarthar, Laura Bryant, Helen Connolly, Donald Adamson, Ruth Cox.





## *Our Cadets*

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The Port Huron Cadet Corps, an organization established by the Board of Education when they decreed Voluntary military training for the High School students of the City, has been placed on a firm, and it is to be hoped, permanent basis.

Late in September, through the courtesy of V. E. Crossley, military instructor, the members of St. Stephen's Academy enlisted in the ranks of the unit, where they have found the study of the "I. D. R." to be of extensive benefit in the development of body and mind.

The purpose of the organization is to give every high school student a knowledge of the fundamentals of martial affairs, and this it accomplishes in an efficient manner.

Promising men were drawn from the ranks and formed into an Officers' Training "Camp" which held an extra drill at least once, and sometimes twice each week. The drill periods of the regular unit were on Tuesday and Friday of each week, from 3:15 to 4:00. No permanent officers have been appointed this term except five corporals and one sergeant.

The unit is in the form of three companies, A, B and C, and each company is subdivided into two platoons of three squads each. The unit numbers in all about one hundred fifty men.

The uniform worn by the members is the regulation service uniform of the United States infantry. From lack of weapons, the unit was unable to take up the study of "small-arms" instructions, but this was really no handicap, since the infantry drill furnished enough problems to keep everybody "on the jump."

Much interest was evinced in the inter-company athletic competitions which took place on the afternoon of Tuesday, June 10th, at Pine Grove Park, and which closed the term for this course.

# *Wrong Made Right*

---

Fred Donaldson, a boy of seventeen, had just completed a four years course in the high school at Andover and was now making his final preparations before leaving for college.

Two days before he was to go away, on passing a furniture store he noticed a book-shelf which he thought he would like for his room at college, but upon examining his pocket found he had not the required sum and decided to ask his father, who was a prominent lawyer, for the remainder.

"Why, hello, Fred."

"Hello, Dad!"

"Isn't it unusual for you to call at the office," asked Mr. Donaldson, as he sat down opposite his son.

"Oh, I've been here reading a magazine for all of twenty minutes," answered Fred, "but I wanted to ask you about a book-shelf. There's a beauty over at William's."

"All right," replied his father, and he placed in Fred's hand a bill which would more than cover the price of the furniture.

"As you know," went on his father, "I have been a very successful lawyer, and might be called a rich man, and I want you to have the best, but bear in mind that because you are rich you will not always get your own way. Always get the best out of the best. You are naturally a gay fellow and will enjoy yourself I suppose, but always remember there is a limit to fun. Would you like to hear a story?"

"You bet I would, your stories are always capital."

"This may not be a 'capital' one but it is true and a story that you will, I trust, remember and profit by. Here it is:

"Some thirty years ago, I knew a boy whom we shall call Tom; he was starting to a boarding school like you are now starting to college. He was something of your disposition, in for a little fun, perhaps; although you are in for enough. He didn't mean to harm anyone, but was always on the lookout to play a joke on someone. He was a bright chap and his studies came easy to him, and in the first term he had what might be called a 'cinch.' He soon became acquainted and stood well with both the professors and the boys.

"There were several houses connected with the college in which the students might room. There was in charge of each house a professor who had authority over the students in that building. Tom's room was in one of these houses. Everything went well the first semester, but Tom spent more of his time in the rooms of other boys than in his own.



"College tricks were frequently played and in these Tom was a prominent figure because like you he wanted to get the best out of everything. But a change soon took place. Professor Merrifield who had charge of this house resigned, and Professor Carlson, a comparatively new man took his place. He had never dealt with boys except in class, but their conduct there was far different to what it was outside. He had a stern disposition and did not take with the boys, and when it became known that he would not tolerate jokes, the knowledge but increased the eagerness of the young men to practise them.

"In February, a number of new students came to the college and Tom's room-mate was one of them. He was from the country and found his studies very hard so that he had to apply himself to his books early and late. Tom made several attempts to establish an acquaintance, but Dick Turner was slow to respond, preferring to study rather than join in the sports.

"One evening Tom was going out as usual leaving Dick to his books, but when half way out the door he called back:

"'Say, Dick, don't you ever get tired of studying? I should think you would enjoy yourself once in a while.'

"But Dick only replied, 'If you had a few of these problems to solve you'd study too.'

"Time passed, but Dick was so deep in his books that he did not notice Fred as he stole into the room and went quickly to his bed-room, nor did he look up until a voice addressed him and he saw the professor; his eyes were flashing and every appearance of anger was written on his face.

"'Young man you have played enough of your tricks, pack your clothes and leave this house in the morning; you shall be an example to the rest of the college, who are so fond of playing tricks. Silence sir; I will hear no excuse, this show of study is all pretense. Leave tomorrow.' So saying he walked from the room, leaving Dick too dumbfounded to speak.

"All this time Tom was hidden in a far corner of his room, his heart beating like a trip-hammer, so loud in fact that he feared it would be heard by the occupants of the other room and thus draw attention to him, the real culprit. But soon he heard the door close and knew he was safe.

"As he was returning from the theatre that night, Tom noticed a bucket of water at the foot of the stairs, and right at the door of Professor Carlson's apartments, evidently left there by the janitor. Without a moment's thought he gave the pail a kick which sent it flying across the corridor right into the room of the professor.

"Then he ran to his room, but not before the professor rushed to the door. Seeing Tom's figure at the top of the stairs he followed him with the result already stated.

"It was all over before Tom really grasped the situation. All his courage and his sense of honor of which he had been so proud, deserted him,



but he dared not, in the face of such a punishment acknowledge his guilt. 'I will wait until morning and when the professor's anger has cooled, I'll go down and own up, for I won't let Dick be punished for something I have done.'

"He went to bed without saying a word to Dick Turner, who sat at the table, his face buried in his hands.

"Upon awakening in the morning the first thing his eyes rested upon was Dick's trunk, tagged and locked waiting to be carried away, but as for the owner, nothing was to be seen of him.

"'But,' thought Tom, 'as long as the trunk is here I can find the owner.' He dressed and hastened to the professor to explain things.

"'The subject has been on my mind, too,' said Mr. Carlson, as Tom made known his business. 'I was angry and a little hasty and will make amends to Turner. And as for you, Tom, let last night's experience be a lesson to you for all time. Now let us find Turner.'

"But they searched in vain. They questioned many people and made inquiry after inquiry, but to no avail. They telegraphed to his parents in the East to which place his baggage was addressed and received a reply saying he had not been there. At the depot they learned that a person answering his description had taken an early west-bound train, so he had not gone home. He had been too proud to stand the disgrace of expulsion and so had gone elsewhere to make his own way."

Mr. Donaldson was drawing near to the close of his story. He hesitated and Fred looking up inquired:

"And was he never found, father? Gosh! but I'm sorry for him."

"And so am I sorry," said his father, "for, Fred, can you believe it, I am Tom."

"You, father, is it possible?"

"Yes, during all these years I have carried the bitter remembrance of having wrecked a man's life and the thought has been a damper upon my own. And I never could get rid of the feeling that whatever happened or would happen to Dick Turner I would be responsible for it. And I have always hoped that some day I would meet him and make full restitution to him for all he has missed on my account."

"I think I will always remember that story, and say, Dad, the name Turner, I think I have heard it before. Let me see. Oh yes, it was a boy in my class at school, his name was Ben Turner, he had to quit school and go to work."

"What? You say his name was Ben! Why that was Dick's name; I remember asking him what Dick B. Turner stood for." And Mr. Donaldson paused as he reached for the city directory. Was he, after all these years, to come upon the man who had suffered on his account.



At seven o'clock that evening Mr. Donaldson began to pace up and down the parlor of his home. He was nervous, for at any moment the Turner family might be expected; he had found his old school-mate in a cheap tenement house, and had with tears in his eyes insisted that he bring his family and dine with him that night, and had sent his own automobile to bring them.

"Dad, an automobile just stopped outside," announced Fred. "Yes, here they are coming up the steps."

Mr. Donaldson rushed across the room to throw open the door and grasped the hand of his old friend, and fairly dragged him to a chair, while his wife assisted Mrs. Turner and Fred shook hands with Ben, for they had been friends at school, but had rarely seen each other since.

After a delightful dinner the guests went to the drawing room for the evening.

"Now, Mr. Turner, or I suppose I should say Dick," said Mr. Donaldson, "I am going to give you a life position in my office. Now, this is not charity," said he, as Mr. Turner began to murmur. "Years ago I promised myself that if I ever had the chance I would make amends for what I had done."

"I am going to give them that house I was trying to sell over on the West Boulevard," he continued, addressing Mrs. Donaldson, "and now Fred, how would you like a companion to take to college?"

"Do you mean Ben, Dad?"

"Yes, I am going to see that the son receives the education that his father lost through me."

That evening passed pleasantly in recalling old college days. Mr. Turner forgave his host from the bottom of his heart; in all the years he had not thought of connecting his room-mate with his expulsion.

CLARENCE ADAMSON '22.



# Macbeth

---

"Macbeth," the tragedy of that Mediaeval age when the powers of darkness lay heavily upon the minds of men, belongs to that great cycle of temptation themes, for it is the story of a man who sells his soul to the devil in exchange for power.

Not unlike this English dramatist's other works, the play is not original but molded upon Scottish history. But the real Macbeth, history tells us, was for his time a worthy and beneficial monarch and justly earned the title his subjects bestowed upon him, "the liberal king"; while Shakespeare characterizes him as being cruel and ambitious from the very start of his public life.

As in the other plays in which the hero's destiny is not of his own making in "Macbeth" there is a conflict between inner and outer forces; the inner, ambition and moral cowardice; the outer, the wierd women and a strong willed wife.

Macbeth had no firm basis of moral conduct. As in the Arthurian legends where the power of Christ's church contests with the power of Merlin's magic, so in Macbeth's time did Christian teaching meet pagan belief. Macbeth had heard the command "Thou shalt not kill" but he was willing to forget it, "to jump the life to come," when he felt that the wierd women's command was "Thou shalt kill."

What feeble light of morality burned in his soul was quickly snuffed out; no love of the God-given life of the king moved him, he feared no divine displeasure, but only the consequences upon this earth. The ambition, stirred by the prophecy of the old pagan divinities, held sway for a time over his fear of the wrath to come. To this strong motive for crime was added the urging of his wife, that ambition warped nature. He could not resist her imputation of vacillation and cowardice; even his natural disinclination to plunge a knife into the flesh of a sleeping unguarded fellow-mortal could not withstand her fierce encouragement.

So it can be safely concluded Macbeth owes his downfall to his thirst for power. The low-born subject has no dreams of royalty, but it is not so with him who is next to the throne. Cruel Fate had placed him one step below the top. The cup of Tantalus is ever before him, with nothing to keep it from him but so frail a thing as human life. This situation was too strong for Macbeth's morality. In an evil moment he broke the enterprise to his wife; from that instant the seed of evil within him had fertile soil and rain and sunshine. And with the meeting on the blasted heath the seed sprang into luxuriant life whose growth Macbeth was powerless to stop.

But he was not entirely without conscience. As a consequence remorse



followed and he resolved to turn from his path of murder but again Lady Macbeth urged him on; and so a woman's taunt of cowardice was his destruction.

A peculiarity of Macbeth's crime was the absence of all attempts to excuse his own culpability. He was no common criminal, fanning a flame of resentment against a fancied wrong, euphemizing the name of his crime to soothe a wounded conscience: with a heroic frankness he said, "False face must hide what the false heart doth know."

So his deed was a blow at the harmony of Nature and at once all the powers of Nature began to give the punishment.

MARION MALLON '20.

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### HEROES

---

If so be it we are forbid by fate  
To do the deeds that make a hero great,  
Let's do our duty each one as he should,  
And, lacking greatness, let's at least be good.

Oh, there are seeds of kindness to be sown  
In hearts that never have such kindness known;  
And words of gentleness and actions true  
Are always possible for me and you.

'Tis true these seem of little worth because  
They do not win for us the world's applause,  
But noble actions are not judged by size,  
The great intent the action magnifies.  
And though our names the world may never fill,  
The ear of God may find them sweeter still.



# *The Spy*

---

Von Gerhard, the brutal commander of a regiment of German soldiers who were occupying B———, a small village in Belgium, was a tall man of military appearance. His face was dark, sunburnt and heavily pitted from small-pox. He had the general appearance of efficiency.

He had received notice from his higher officer that some important papers had been stolen. Von Schuyler volunteered the information that they suspected the one who had taken them would hasten to the American lines.

Von Gerhard knew that it would be almost impossible for anyone to get to the American lines in daytime, but he had been trained in the hard school of the army and took no chances.

Exactly ten minutes afterwards, several bands of soldiers might have been seen leaving the village—if any of the civilians who had not fled at the approach of the Germans dared to observe them.

On the outskirts of the town was a small cabin apparently empty. A soldier went in and found nothing to excite his suspicions except a few burned matches. He reported this to the commanding officer, one of those individuals who made mountains out of mole hills.

He decided that the man who had stolen the papers had spent the night there and so led the soldiers a greater distance from town.

Von Gerhard, sitting contentedly in his office was feeling a sort of self satisfaction that he had so promptly executed Von Schuyler's command, and that before long his own efficient soldiers would be back in camp with the cursed spy. Anything that was done well by his soldiers, Von Gerhard attributed directly to himself.

His reverie was interrupted by whistling, "Some of those Belgians, probably," sourly thought Von Gerhard, "or maybe some of his soldiers. But it was a strange tune—very strange. Von Gerhard racked his brain to think where he had heard it before. Suddenly it came to him; he had heard it in America, where he once had spent a year. It was probably one of the German-American soldiers, but it seemed strange.

Von Gerhard went to the window and saw a tall, well-built young man in the uniform of a German private talking to a small, poorly dressed peasant boy. From their gestures he gathered that the man was inquiring directions, Von Gerhard was going to call to him, then remembered his dignity and went back to his chair.

That night the soldiers returned without a prisoner and Von Gerhard stormed for an hour. And over on the Allied lines an American soldier brought in some important papers and a map of the German lines that had



been in the use of a German officer. "Von Gerhard" was written on the back of the map.

When Von Gerhard discovered this loss, he thought of the name of the tune the soldier had been whistling. It was the "Star Spangled Banner."

He wrote out his suspicions and sent them to Von Schuyler by a special messenger.

A week later, Von Gerhard, standing at the window, saw a German private walking down the street. An old man turned the corner and Von Gerhard recognized him as the parish priest, a kindly humble old man whom Von Gerhard secretly admired and respected.

The young soldier spoke and bowed to the priest and stepped from the narrow walk letting him pass.

Von Gerhard knew that a German would not have done that. He rang for the guard and gave orders for the man's arrest.

At daybreak the young man was shot. He had refused to tell his name or to give any information to the Germans.

—VERDA DOUGHERTY, '21.

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### WHY THEY ARE GRADUATING

---

Eugene McCafferty—So I can go to college.

Leo Trese—To set a good example to Marx.

Margaret Tynan—O, I don't know.

Bergetta Cox—I think everyone should.

Edna Krafft—I had to—my sister did.

Bob Meehan—Nothing else to do.

Margaret Ward—I like to talk about it.

Lucille Welch—I'm making a collection of diplomas.

Celestine O'Rourke—I like to have my picture taken.

---

### MEN

---

Not gold, but only men can make

A people great and strong;

Men who, for truth and honor's sake,

Stand fast and suffer long.

Brave men who work while others sleep,

Who dare while others fly—

They build a nation's pillars deep

And lift them to the sky.

—Emerson.



It may be safely said that St. Stephens Academy never indulged in such delightful social functions as well as novel affairs as she did during the year 1918-19. Although the number of these affairs was limited, still one recalls each of them with fond memory.

Miss Edna Krafft made a "heroic charge" into the social game shortly after our first days of school. She entertained the Seniors and their friends at a marshmallow roast, held on the beach, followed by a very pleasant evening at her home.

In order to keep up the good work so nobly begun, Miss Celestine O'Rourke acted as hostess to her class by giving a dancing party at her home. During the course of the evening dainty refreshments were served, and everyone enjoyed a thoroughly good time.

The club rooms of the Knights of Columbus were the scene of a very pleasant social gathering, Friday, May 9th, when the Seniors took the occasion to honor the members of the Academy together with their parents and friends. It was in the nature of an informal dancing party, with "Five Hundred" played in the adjoining rooms. The efforts of the class to make this a brilliant affair were not spent in vain for it proved to be one of the functions not to be forgotten.

The Juniors did their social bit throughout the year, a club having been formed among themselves and each week some one of the members entertained. Special mention must be made of the elaborate "spread" that John and Emmet Devereaux tendered their class.

The Misses Marion Mallon, Frances Walton, Margaret Meehan and Catherine Brogan were hostesses to the club and in like manner Irene Trese, Madeline Wolfstyn and Mary Miner displayed ability as entertainers.

The Sophomores and Freshmen are deserving of a place on the social calendar, having given a number of parties within the second semester. Among the former class the Misses Grace Moore, Verda Dougherty and Madeline Gleason gave parties that were a real credit to them, having been successful from start to finish.

Wellington Burns, of the Freshman Class entertained his class by giving



a "Valentine Party," while some time later the Freshmen enjoyed a progressive party.

St. Stephen's Hall was prettily decorated with the "Red, White and Blue," ferns and spring flowers, when on Wednesday, May 20th the school was visited by two members of the Grand Army of the Republic and several ladies of the Women's Relief Corps.

The Very Reverend Father McManus with fitting words gave a cordial welcome to the guests after which the following program was given by the students:

[illegible]

Shortly after the returning of the wars heroes had begun, the Academy was honored on two special occasions, by having as its guests, Lieutenant A. J. Wellman and Private Ralph Conger, at which time these young men narrated their own personal experiences in the cantonments as well as overseas. Lieutenant Wellman, who had spent some time in France as an instructor, had with him a fine display of war relics. He was fortunate enough to be present at a Thanksgiving Day service held at the famous Cathedral of La Mons. From the excellent description that he gave it could readily be seen that he lost no time in viewing the priceless adornments of this antique structure.

Private Conger, a former classmate of the Juniors, and a member of Port Huron's Own, Company "L," told of his experiences in the Chateau Thierry sector, at which place he was badly gassed. Throughout his remarks, he displayed that trait, for which the American soldier is noted, of giving all the credit and honor to the other boys, leaving none for himself.

The social activities of the year were concluded by a highly successful "Class Day," at which time the Juniors furnished their departing school mates with a dainty but satisfying menu which was greatly enjoyed by all present. Speeches of course, were in order, and a program was rendered as follows:

[illegible]

Class Poem	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Marguerite Tynan
Address to the Juniors	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Edna Krafft
Response	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Emmet Devereaux
Vocal solo	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Celestine O'Rourke
Class Will	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Bergetta M. Cox
Class Prophecy	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Margaret F. Ward
Class Song	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Chorus
Valedictory	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	J. Leo Trese

Te Deum

---

If an S and an I, and an O and a U  
 With an X at the end spells "Su,"  
 And an E and a Y and an E spells I,  
 Pray what is a speller to do?

When if an S and an I and a G,  
 And an H, E, D, spells "side,"  
 There's nothing much for a speller to do  
 But go commit siouxeyesighed.

---

But each one will work for honor  
 As in life we play our part  
 Each will strive with all his power  
 To attain the highest mark.







### Lost or Stolen

Grey cap.

Light tan gloves.

Light tan shoes (bull dog toe caps).

Green eyes, red hair, plenty of freckles.

Anyone seeing gentleman answering to above description notify Senior Girls, Class of 1919, S. S. A.

Last fall when Bob Meehan's patriotism was hitting the high spots he went to Neal Wyllie for advice.

"I'm going to volunteer," said Bob, "and I can't decide whether to take up the cavalry or the aviation wing. Which do you advise?"

"The aviation, most decidedly," Neal replied.

"Oh, you've seen me fly, have you?" jested Bob.

"No," said Wyllie, "I've seen you ride."

Mr. Miller estimates the population of Port Huron as 30,000. George Marx begs to enquire if this includes the inhabitants of Mt. Hope and Lakeside Cemeteries?

Physics Test—"Where must a person stand to get an image in a spherical mirror?"

Bob Meehan—"In front."

E. Hickey—"Does Jimmy Stack like music?"

Anna B.—"I guess so. He's always whistling 'Mary'."

George M. was to play at Mr. Y's house.

Mr. Y advanced to George and said: "The violin on which you are to play this evening is over two hundred years old."

"Oh, never mind," replied George, "I think I can manage."

---

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I have a brass alarm clock  
It rings quite loud and deep.  
"Macbeth," I call the horrid thing  
Because it murders sleep.

"Jack, lend me five bucks and I'll be everlastingly indebted to you."  
John D.—"That's just what I am afraid of, Eugene."

---

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DOMESTIC & TROPICAL FRUITS  
ICE CREAM CIGARS  
TOBACCOS

---

Marion M.—“What is the greatest conundrum in the world?”

Margaret M.—“Life, because we all have to give it up.”

---

James L.—“Why are the windows rattling?”

Grace M.—“I don't know, why?”

James L.—“They are rattling from the pane (pain).”

---

# DAVID MacTAGGART CO.

---

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FOUNTAIN PENS FROM \$2.50 to \$8.00

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612 Huron Street

Port Huron

---

Emmett D.—“John why were you out of school yesterday?”

John T. (who played hookey)—“Curiosity indicates the lowest state of civilization, only children and savages are curious.”

---

Professor (in History)—“Mary followed Edward. Who followed Mary?”  
Kronner—“Her little lamb.”

---

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READY-TO-WEAR  
For Every Season

Styles that please the most critical  
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UNDERWEAR, BEAUTIFUL SILK  
SHIRTS, STRAW HATS, ETC.

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Emmet Devereaux  
Joh N Devereaux  
Mary M I ner  
Ge O rge Marx  
F R ank Kronner  
Fran C es Walton  
Marion Ma L on  
C A therine Brogan  
Irene Tre S e  
Madeline Wolf S tyn

*MITCHELL, The Tailor*

IS THE MAN YOU WANT TO

TAILOR YOUR CLOTHES



---

"STORE OF CHARACTER"

"Say It With Flowers"

*Eichhorn & Hogan*

FINE DRY GOODS

*Asman*  
FLORIST

Leading Florist

---

Francis W.—"When was pork first introduced into the Navy?"

Irene T.—"When Noah brought Ham into the Ark."

---

"No smoking in this coach, sir," said the conductor to John.

"I'm not smoking," answered John with an injured air.

"You got your pipe in your mouth," declared the conductor.

"I have," retorted John, "and I've got my feet in my shoes too, but I'm not walking."

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Manufacturers

MITSCHERLICH SULPHITE

and

MACHINE GLAZED PAPERS

1888-1919

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*"I will study and get ready and maybe my chance will come."* It did.

There will be many chances for good stenographers and bookkeepers in the new industries of Port Huron and Marysville in the very near future.

Enter our summer school or plan now on commencing your course the first of September.

*Port Huron Business College*

---

Jada O'Rourke (Janice)—"If your father gave you three dollars today and ten dollars tomorrow, what would you have?"

Dug Folkerts (Helen)—"I'd have a fit."

---

Fritz St. Denis had just finished an article that compared the Kaiser with Nero.

"Who is Nero?" he asked Margaret Kearns.

"Wasn't he the fellow that was always cold?" queried Margaret.

"Oh, no," replied Francis, "that's another chap altogether."

---

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THE HANDIEST SODA  
FOUNTAIN  
IN THE CITY

201-3 Huron Avenue

Freshie—Short pants, scared looks.

Soph.—Flashy socks, no books.

Junior—Bunch of girls and a pompadour.

Senior—Lofty looks, work no more.

Mrs. Cashman—"Margaret, have you no excuse to offer for such laziness concerning these dishes?"

Margaret C.—"I haven't one that will work."

---

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*In the Better Qualities  
Correct and Exclusive Styles*

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*With a Guarantee to Fit or They  
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FISHING TACKLE

BATHING SUITS

**UNGER'S**

*"The Quality Sporting Goods Store"*

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**GEO. S. SHARRARD**

PHARMACIST

512 Huron Avenue

Phone 151

---

I call my studies Saxon,  
Because I am afraid  
That though I give them lots of gas,  
They seldom make the grade.

---

Clarence Adamson—"Well, Catherine, do you like Algebra?"  
Catherine K.—"Oh, I've learned to add up the oughts but the figures  
get me awfully bawled up."

---

HEADQUARTERS FOR BUILDERS' HARDWARE  
GAS AND OIL COOKSTOVES

**CHAS. A. STURMER**

Military Street Store

---

**BUNTE'S and  
LOWNEY'S**

CHOCOLATES

---

*Dom Graziadei*

**SMITH'S**

SHOE HOSPITAL

535 Water Street

SHOES DOCTORED WHILE YOU  
WAIT

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

Opposite P. O.

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# Brophy Bros.

—For—

ARTISTIC FOOTWEAR

---

Professor Skinner, the expert shoe fitter will be at our store for the next two weeks and his knowledge of the anatomy of the foot is worth your consideration.

317 Huron Ave.

New Gas Bldg.

## Wolfstyn & Co.

MEN'S FURNISHINGS, HATS and

CAPS

FINE CLOTHING

Port Huron, Mich.

---

The greatest way to help another is to help him to help himself.

---

H. Simpson—"I have the Hoover system down pat now."

T. Warsaw—"How's that?"

H. Simpson—"Why, I have lived on three apples a day for a week now."

T. Warsaw—"That's nothing, I have lived on earth for nearly seventeen years."

---

FOR TOP GRADE SHOES AT A  
MODERATE COST

—Go To—

## Mann & Johnson

921 Military Street

## Diamonds Our Specialty

---

A very important message to the High School Seniors' friends about a very important matter, namely—

THAT GRADUATION GIFT

WATCHES, RINGS, JEWELRY, Etc.

Like 'Em? Everybody Does

---

## K. H. Hubbard

508 Water Street

Phone 553-J

---



Phone 2094

233 Huron Avenue, Basement

# R. B. KERSUL TAILOR

CLEANING, PRESSING and ALTERING  
SUITS TO MEASURE

We Call for and Deliver

Port Huron, Mich.

---

V. Deemer—"I'm going to a party Friday evening and I'm going to do my hair up in buns."

H. Connolly—"What kind do you use, Aikman's or Dornan's?"

---

Duff St. D.—"What would you do if you were in my shoes?"

Fritz St. D.—"Get a shine."

---

Nora Malloy—"How dare you swear before me?"

Wellington B.—"How did I know you wanted to swear first?"

---

*"The Reliable Store"*

## Let The Ballentine Dry Goods Co. Serve You

GRADUATION GIFTS

FINEST HOSIERY, GLOVES, NECKWEAR,

SILK AND LISLE UNDERWEAR

UMBRELLAS AND FANS

## *The Ballentine Dry Goods Co.*

We Sell McCall Patterns

The Store That Sells Wooltex



---

See Our Window

—of—

Footwear Beauties

COOL, SUMMERY FOOTWEAR  
BEST WORN AMONG THE BEST

GRAY & SON

518 Water Street

Port Huron

PETER TRESE

MEATS

POULTRY

FISH

Prompt Delivery

305-J

Mary K.—“I like his writing. How did he acquire such a flowing style?”

Gwendolyn H.—“That’s very easy, he uses a fountain pen.”

John D. had a dream one night. He dreamed he owed a friend ten dollars. He woke up and found it was true.

He’s afraid to go to sleep again for fear he might pay him.

---

SPAULDING &  
SPAULDING

Retailers of

LADIES’, MISSES and JUNIORS  
READY-TO-WEAR

Exclusively



906 Military Street

Phone 1353

SCHEFFLER  
BROTHERS

Dealers in

FRESH AND SALT MEATS and  
SAUSAGES



Phone 805

618 Huron Ave.

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# KUNZE & GRUNWALD

FANCY GROCERIES AND SMOKED MEATS

841 Ninth Street

Corner Howard Street

Phone 1620

---

## DETROIT TEA STORE

WE KEEP BEES WAX CANDLES  
ALL YEAR 'ROUND

But TEA, COFFEE and SPICES  
Are Our Specialties

## Havey & Co.

CHOICE GROCERIES & MEATS

Poultry and Games in Season  
Michigan Beef a Specialty  
Goods Delivered Promptly

Phone 193

628 Water St.

---

Teacher (in English) explaining sentences containing metaphors—  
“‘Tombs are clothes of the dead.’ Please give a sentence using this model.”  
Margaret W.—“Cemeteries are marble orchards.”

---

### Complement or Compliment?

Teacher to Marguerite T.—“Please give a sentence containing an attribute complement.”

Marguerite, unable to give one, teacher impatient gives sentence—“My belief is, that you are not very great students.”

---

## J. C. Penney Co.

*The Store with the Yellow Front*

CLOTHING                      DRY GOODS  
SHOES                      UNDERWEAR  
READY-TO-WEAR

FOR EVERYTHING IN FINE  
DRUGS

—Go To—

## Burt Mills

908 Military Street

Port Huron

809 Seventh St.

Phone 456

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# *Eat Dornan's*

*Golden Loaf*

*---and---*

*Cottage Bread*

Phone 1474-W

764-W

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**F**OSTER  
A M O U S  
OOTWEAR

None Better

Port Huron

Teacher—What are the three essential words in the study of Latin?  
Pupil—Fecit, gessit and misit.

(Question)—“What two points are necessary in a thermometer?”  
Emmet D.—“Top and bottom.”

Examiner in Physics—“What happens when a light falls into the water  
at an angle of 45 degrees?”

Catherine B.—“It goes out.”

---

**MILLINERY**

*WHITE HATS*

*SPORT HATS*

*DRESS HATS*

*Everything for the Summer Girl  
in a Hat*

**Miss A. M. Collinson**

*213 Huron Avenue*

**F. E. & C. F. LOHRSTORFER**

We carry a Full Line of  
DRUGS and SUNDRIES

—Also—

ICE CREAM, All Flavors

We Have Complete Stock Fishing  
Tackle

---

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# BUY IT FOR LESS

## AT THE

# The People's Store

515-517 WATER STREET 515-517

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Francis St. Denis (showing latest picture)—“My object was to try to express all the horrors of war.”

Mary K.—“I have never seen anything more horrible.”

---

Teacher—“George give that quotation beginning: Glamis thou art, and Cawdor shalt be——”

Marx (always wrong—“Clams thou art, and Chowder thou shalt be.”

---

For Quality and Service Patronize

*Frank M. Finn*

ICE CREAM AND SOFT DRINKS

FANCY GROCERIES and  
BOTTLED GOODS

624 Haron Avenue

*Palm Beach Suits*

\$20 to \$40

Made To Measure



*F. J. Haslett*

2nd Floor

221 Haron Ave.

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## *The ATHENIAN* CANDY WORKS

FINE CONFECTIONS AND  
ICE CREAM

232 Huron Avenue

PROMPT SERVICE

*"The Sweetest Place in Town"*

---

## A. B. REID GROCERIES

---

## HALLERAN'S ICE CREAM AND CANDY STORE

*A VERY SWEET PLACE TO BE*

---

### GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

Professor—"Who is the present Admiral of our Navy?"

Leo T.—"Admiral Dewey."

Professor—"Is he living "

Leo T.—"I guess so."

---

### A NEW LAW IN PHYSICS

The mark on your "exam" paper varies inversely as the square of the distance of your neighbor.

---

## *Elite* *Millinery*

*An Exqui-ite*  
*Showing of the*  
*Season's Most*  
*Fashionable Hats*

*Parra Millinery Shoppe*

420 Huron Avenue

---

## *Smith School*

*---of---*

## *Phonography*

Gives Private Lessons in  
SHORTHAND & TYPEWRITING

---

902 Military Street

(Upstairs)

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# Edson & Saville

CIGARS, CIGARETTES

SOFT DRINKS

—and—

CHOICE LINE OF CANDIES

*Compliments of*  
*C. E. Bricker*

---

Frank K.—“When and where will I meet you?”

John D.—“Meet me tomorrow between 9 o'clock and the City Hall.”

---

Teacher to Celestine O'R.—“Please do not use a gallon of words to express a teaspoonful of thought.”

---

Cecil B.—“Why are your nose and chin always quarreling?”

Elizabeth F.—“Because words are always passing between them.”

---

## *Carlisle's*

ICE CREAM

HAS NO EQUAL

EAT NO OTHER

*Phone 119*

Victrolas

Records

New Edison Diamond Disc

Phonographs

Pianos and Player Pianos

*JOHN J. BELL*

105 Huron Avenue

Phone 485-J Port Huron, Mich.

*“Everything in Music”*

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*Compliments*

*---of---*

*A Friend*

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